

# ROMANCE, WHICH HAS ITS BEGINNING ON THE FOOTBALL FIELD, ENDS IN RUNAWAY MATCH AFTER PLANS ARE TWICE DEFEATED

## ALREADY PLANNING HOME AS PRESENT FOR HIS WIFE

Full of the Hopefulness of Youth and Love, Statesman's Son Is Spurred to Best Efforts by Confidence of His Bride.

(Continued from First Page.)

Two hangs over the two-room apartment at 147 Benefit street, where the young couple now live. To them the present is a wonderful, multi-colored rainbow, and they are confident that the proverbial pot of gold must lie at its end.

### "TIP" IS HAPPY.

THERE are anxious hearts in Washington. Motherlike, Mrs. Knox worries about the lad, while the father, in the midst of his cares of state and his busy political life, sighs over the interruption to the boy's education, and the busy marriage.

"Tip" himself is still a little bewildered by the swift passing of events, he acknowledges this, but he has no misgivings or regrets. No wistful memories of the wide-roomed luxurious country place at Valley Forge, nor of his father's official residence in Washington, disturbs his absolute content with the rooms in the unfashionable section of Providence.

### Says He's Glad It Has All Happened.

Then going over to his wife's side he laid his hand for a fleeting moment on her shoulder and said softly:

"Gee, but I'm glad it did happen, aren't you?" and the scarcely breathed answer gave him the assurance he looked for.

"I don't believe," said the young wife, turning with a laugh to catch up the building which forms the third in the message, "that any two people in the world were ever as happy as we are. I know everybody says that, but I'm sure and you too, aren't you, Tip?"

"Sure," he said. "Why, I'd stake my life on that."

His eyes were full of adoration as he looked at his wife, and no one could doubt the genuineness of his love and his faith in their future.

Mrs. Knox is small, considerably shorter than her husband in fact, although the latter is much below medium height. Her fair hair is parted and waved simply back from her youthful face, and is bound about usually with a broad black velvet ribbon that accentuates its blondness. Her eyes are hazel and with her fair skin and warm color, she ranks as one of the prettiest girls in Providence. On the night on which they told for the first time the full story of their elopement, she wore a soft white shirt waist, with frills of lace down the front, and a tan skirt, and no ornaments of any kind except her wedding ring, whose glitter seemed to hold her eyes each time she moved her hand.

**Romance Begins At Football Game.**

"To begin at the beginning of all this," said Tip, putting his arm about his wife's shoulder, "means going back a long ways, doesn't it, dear?"

"All the way to a football game, more than a year ago," she said nodding her head, with all a woman's instinctive love of "talking over her romance."

"Tip was captain of the Morris Heights team," she said, "and some girls had asked me to go and see the game. I was muddy, and his hair was all matted up, but he played like a man possessed and I'm well I was just crazy about him as soon as I saw him. Then, after the game, I was introduced and that was the beginning."

Friends of the young people tell of how the romance born in the football field grew and deepened from mere attraction to love. They tell of long motor rides through the surrounding country. Of walks along the quiet streets at dark; of stolen half hours spent away from lessons, and of long happy Saturdays together. But it was really a case of love at first sight. Even the youthful bride admits that.

"It didn't take long to find out that we loved each other," she said, pulling the ears of the bulldog in her lap, "but we weren't regularly engaged for a long time. Even after that we only planned vaguely to be married some time. We used to go out in Tip's auto, and think how nice it would be to ride on and on across the hills together, and never come back, but Tip was pretty busy at school and there were so many things to do, that we never actually planned an elopement till Jimmie read us about those friends of his, that day, that day, wasn't it?" he continued reminiscently, smiling at his wife, "and we were running slow. I was thinking how dear

and sweet my girl was, and there was Jimmie reading how his friend had gone to Montreal, had been married and how he was spending his honeymoon there and was the happiest man in the world, so I just said, 'Look here, May, why shouldn't we do that?'

"And I said, 'Oh we can't,'" chimed in his wife with a little bubbling laugh, "but Tip always does anything he makes up his mind to. The more I said we couldn't, the more he was sure we could, and Jimmie promised to go along as best man."

"At that time," said the young husband, breaking in, "we desired to keep it a secret. We thought we could keep things quiet till school was over, but it wasn't any use trying. I had leave of absence for Saturday, so Mr. French (he's head of the school) thought nothing of it when I went away that day."

"We had everything planned out. Jimmie and May went on the same train, but we didn't join each other at the station. That was all fixed up because we didn't want anyone to think we were leaving town together. On the train, of course, we sat together and planned how we would have a big wedding dinner at Montreal, little guessing that in that same city our troubles would begin."

### American Consul Wouldn't Help Out.

"We couldn't get a license, and the American consul wasn't at all keen to help us out. But having got that far we weren't coming back, so we went to Champlain, where Jimmie had a friend who was an attorney."

Tip's voice dropped a little as he talked. The memory of their difficulties was strong upon him, and he told with crisp simplicity of their arrival at Champlain at dusk, with a cold wind sweeping down out of the North and only the love in their hearts keeping them from acknowledging how tired and disheartened they were by their rebuff in Montreal. At Champlain it was the same story, and the young people sitting in the attorney's office stared helplessly at one another as they realized that they couldn't get married in Canada, and they couldn't get married in New York State.

"But surely," a "phone" call, "there must be some place where we can marry. I won't go back now until May is my wife."

The ring of determination in the young voice roused the sympathy of the lawyer, who had, perhaps, been in love himself. He suggested that they try Vermont. A "phone" call to an attorney in Burlington soon settled all doubts of this, for the reply came cheerily, "Send your elopers along, we'll marry 'em."

### Had to Go On the Milk Special.

The trio hurried jubilantly to the station upon hearing this news, but found there was no train until the "milk special." Undismayed even by this, young Knox and his sweetheart huddled close together upon an empty truck completely forgetful of the cold discomfort. They didn't see the dreary stretch of tracks, but only the stars overhead, and forgot the wind in their happy dreams of the future.

At length the train jangled into the station and the young folks, tired but happy, climbed aboard. As the dawn peeped in through the dusty windows, "Tip" kissed the girl beside him and whispered, "This is our wedding day, dear."

It was Sunday when they got to Burlington. A sunny spring-like day, with the air filled with Sabbath calm.

People on their way to early church looked with some surprise at the three young people, dust begrimed with travel. But they did not suspect the romance, or realize that the pretty girl in fawn color with the hat laden with scarlet poppies was at that moment being searched for in Providence, while the lad beside her was causing considerable anxiety to the head master at Morris Heights Preparatory School.

Only one more little delay kept the ceremony back. It had been arranged for a justice of the peace to perform the ceremony, but the bride wanted it done by a clergyman.

"I wanted the church service," she said. "I felt somehow as if it was too solemn an occasion for just legal phrases. Then, too, it was Sunday, and I felt as if the whole world was at peace on this our wedding day. Oh, I wonder more girls don't marry on Sunday, it seems somehow to hallow the whole ceremony."

### Wedding Ceremony Is Simply Formality.

Friends of the best man, who live in Burlington, extended their hospitality to the bride, and it was in a strange house that sympathetic hands helped her to get ready for the wedding.

The Rev. E. G. Guthrie performed the ceremony. After a luncheon at the residence of the Powells the young folk started back for Providence. The Burlington folk had showered them with rice. The precious band of gold was on the bride's finger and the whole world had assumed the rainbow tint which it now wears for the married couple.

But at the station an unwelcome surprise greeted them.

From the front page of a newspaper flared their names, and there below lay the sensational story of their elopement, verified by the absence of the three from Providence.

"We'll have to tell now," said the bride a little piteously. "Oh, Tip, what shall we do?"

"Do," he cried. "We'll go back and tell everybody. But—but I hope father hasn't heard. I want to tell him and mother first myself."

On the train they discussed the plans for the future, and finally decided to say nothing of their marriage, or reply to any questions in Providence, in order to give "Tip" a chance to go to Washington and break the news to his father.

Dr. French, who had been frantically endeavoring to get the Secretary of State on the long distance phone, also

## MRS. KNOX AND HUSBAND--HER OLD AND NEW HOMES



HOME OF YOUNG MRS. KNOX'S MOTHER IN PROVIDENCE.

decided to go to Washington, and upon the same train with him went young Knox and his bride, on their strange honeymoon trip.

### "Tip" Refuses To Talk of Journey.

Of that long journey "Tip" refuses to talk. Only half uttered sentences and the story told by the young wife reveals the history of those long hours, when, torn between hope and despair, they hurried Southward. No one but "Tip" himself can tell the story of alternate fear and happiness which the wheels sang for him in their endless turning, and no one but the bride heard his oft reiterated declaration, that, come what may, he and his young wife should never be separated.

Not far from them, his head sunk in moody abstraction, sat Dr. French, gripped over the escapade of his favorite pupil and revolving slowly in his mind the story which he, too, must tell to the great statesman, both of whose sons have eloped.

At Baltimore, with tears and kisses, the two parted, for it was deemed wiser for "Tip" to go home alone to break the news. He did not go direct to his father's residence. A strange little sense of being no longer an inmate of that beautiful house lay on him, and he went to a hotel and called his father by telephone.

It was two hours later when quiet, but white faced, he telegraphed for his young wife to join him.

"Father is angry," he all he would say to the eager army of reporters who besieged him. "I am going to shift for myself." But when his wife arrived, the only word of greeting that he uttered was, "I wish I could have seen mother."

The rainbow of love soon swept away all memory of the storm, however, for before they left Washington to return to Providence, then went sightseeing like two happy children.

### HOPES FOR FORGIVENESS.

"AND now," said Tip cheerfully, "here we are as happy as two people could possibly be, and I know deep down in my heart that father will forgive us in time."

"I don't see how he could have done anything any different, after all," said the young wife frankly. "It was sudden, and Tip wasn't through school or anything, but when he finds out what a big success Tip is going to be he'll be glad."

The rooms where the young couple are now living have been occupied by the girl for some time. Her father died when she was a little girl and her mother married again, and is now Mrs. Daniel Gury. The young girl spent much time in Hartford, Conn. When she became eighteen she was allowed, she says, to take the rooms which she now occupies. Its walls are hung with banners of the Morris Heights school, while pictures of "Tip" are hung about the walls.

The soft rugs which cover the floors, the deep leather sofa and chairs and many other new articles are said to be additions which young Knox gave his bride as wedding presents. Both deny the rumors that "Tip" furnished the apartments entirely. They deny, too, that the bride ever worked in a store at Providence.

The apartment is now the rendezvous for all of young Knox's school friends and his rapidly enlarging circle of business acquaintances, for the old theory that all the world loves a lover, is being exemplified by the New Englanders, who are all doing their best to aid the young chap in his plucky fight to earn a living for his wife.

### "Tip" Popular With Schoolmates.

"Tip was the most popular fellow in school," said Jimmie Gillen, who, in his capacity of guide, philosopher, and friend, spends most of his time at 147 Benefit street.

"He didn't want to go to college, and he went North from the Tome Institute, at Port Deposit, Md., when Dr. French left there and started the Morris Heights school. There was some talk of his going to Andover, but he said he'd rather be with Dr. French. He's a good track man, captain of the football team, and runs most of the athletic affairs, and let me tell you, he's going to be most awfully missed now that he's married."

Mrs. Knox, Jr., is popular in Providence, although she is not socially prominent and cannot trace her family back for very many generations.

Tip says he and his bride will not make another effort to obtain his father's blessing.

"We must wait," he said. "I want father to see that I am getting along and can work and earn my own living. I've got some spunk. I'm not red haired for nothing."

He declares he is not cut out for statesmanship or politics "like



MR. AND MRS. PHILANDER CHASE KNOX, JR.

Reed," but he is able to do something, and he intends to show what that is in the near future.

"It makes a lot of difference, too," he said in his boyish voice that is oddly at variance with his little air of "a married man," "having somebody to work for. I know now that I've got to succeed. Not only to show father and mother, but for my wife's sake, and that's a whole lot."

### THE DAY'S WORK.

A LONG flight of outside steps lead up to the Knox apartments, and at the top of these the bride and the dog stand each morning to watch their "lord and master" down the street, and there at evening they stand again, watching and waiting for his return.

"Sometimes Mrs. Knox goes with her husband on his demonstrating trips. Usually she is busied about the house, doing all those things which keep a young housewife so astoundingly busy."

They go out to their meals now, but they are already beginning to plan for a house.

"We haven't really planned much for the future yet," says Tip. "The present is so big and so beautiful and so busy that we sort of feel that tomorrow can take care of itself. I expect there are a good many years of hard work ahead of me before I reach the goal I am aiming for. I've got to stop and rest a while, you know. I think it's pretty certain that I'll stay in the automobile business, perhaps in Providence, perhaps some place else. May doesn't want to stay here, so I don't know about that."

"It isn't that I don't like Providence," his wife chimed in, "but we get so pointed at and stared at here. That's enough for anybody, isn't it?" she asked with that contagious little laugh, jumping up to greet some friends who came in from school.

**Second Elopement Declare His Friends.**

It was through one of these that the news leaked out that when "Tip" was eight years old he had sworn a solemn vow that when he found the girl he wanted to marry he was "going to take her off and marry her."

He has kept his word, although rumor says that this is his second attempt at eloping, as also at the age of eight he ran off with the plump and freckled daughter of the corner grocer.

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## APARTMENT HOUSE IN WHICH MR. AND MRS. KNOX HAVE THEIR HOME.

taking his father's team of horses for the event and laying in a fine stock of papermill candy to stave off hunger. It was a groom that ended that elopement and brought a storm of tears from the lady in question, but young Knox declares no tears shall ever mar the happy ending of this elopement.

"There is nothing in the world like love," both young people say. "Money, social position, a college education, or a career spelled with a capital C—all these sink into insignificance beside the glory of that enchanted land where only lovers dwell."

"That is all there really is to tell about us," said the bride, clinging close to her husband's arm; "just that we love each other, and are ideally happy. It has been one long, beautiful romance ever since we have known each other, and it will be to the end, won't it, Tip?"

"To the end, sweetheart."

"And I will work," he said, his voice echoing with a fine note of determination. "I'll work night and day if need be, until I can give my wife everything in the world that she shall want. I'll work till I succeed, no matter how

many difficulties come up, because obstacles don't count when you're working for the woman you love."

It was dark outside the house, and the snow was beginning to fall, but the glow from the windows seemed to shine with a brightness that gained from brilliancy from the happiness in the little home, and seemed in very truth a symbol of love which shines through even the storms of life.

**WHITNEY AGAIN TO VISIT ARCTIC**

New Haven Sportsman, Who Was First to Greet Cook, to Search for Animals.

NEW HAVEN, Conn., March 20.—Another trip to the arctic regions will be undertaken by Harry Whitney, the sportsman of this city who went on the last expedition with Peary and was the first person seen by Dr. Cook after the latter claimed to have found the Pole.

Whitney will fit a ship at his own expense and go in search of a wide variety of animals of the arctic regions.

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## JOY IN KNOX FLAT, WEEK'S WAGES \$40

Son of Secretary of State Jubilant Over Success as Breadwinner.

PROVIDENCE, R. I., March 20.—When Philander C. Knox, Jr., returned to his young wife at their little flat, 147 Benefit street, after completing his first week's work as an automobile salesman, he was in a jubilant and happy mood, having in his pocket the first wages he ever earned for regular employment. His commissions and allowances amounted to about \$40.

There was not the slightest hesitancy about him as he ran through the door and greeted Mrs. Knox, explaining to her the fact that he had earned his first money and, therefore, was truly able to support her, as he had promised to do. Mrs. Knox also felt exhilarated when her husband returned and divided with her the week's wages. Since the Secretary of State's son, the girl take care of himself and the girl eloped with two weeks ago the young couple have tended strictly to their own private affairs, and have seldom been seen in public.

Mr. Knox secured his position just a week after his marriage, thereby losing no time at the start.

## GAYNOR DECLARES FOOD COST NORMAL

Predicts Hard Times Would Follow Reduction in Prices.

SYRACUSE, N. Y., March 20.—That the increased cost of foodstuffs is normal, and partly the result of an increased production of gold, is the opinion of Mayor Gaynor, of New York. He further predicts that a falling off in prices would mark a period of hard times.

Mayor Gaynor discussed the high cost of living before the Syracuse Chamber of Commerce last night. He also touched upon the question of city government and paid a high tribute to the police force of New York.

Mayor Gaynor said national and State politics should be kept out of municipal elections.

## LABOR MEN PROTEST.

PORTSMOUTH, N. H., March 20.—Another protest is being made among the navy yard workmen and labor organizations in this city over the latest move made in convict labor at the navy station, where the court-martial men have been put to work grading and excavating the site for the \$250,000 foundry.

## Every Woman's Hair Should Be Beautiful

(From Style and Fashion, New York.)

"Beautiful, glossy and lustrous hair is within the reach of every woman who will only try," said Mme. LeClair, the French beauty specialist, today.

"By trying I mean she must use intelligence as well as be willing to put forth the physical effort required. If your hair is dull, brittle, dry and streaked, it means that you are not taking intelligent care of it."

"Stop your scrubbing, rubbing and rinsing. Soap and water shampoos only give you a headache, keep you indoors the better part of a day, and expose you to catching cold."

"Every woman who wants abundant, lustrous hair should use a dry shampoo. Mix four ounces of powdered orris root with four ounces of teroxol. Sprinkle about a tablespoonful of this mixture upon the head; then brush the powder thoroughly through the hair."

"This cleanses the scalp and hair and gives the hair a beautiful glossy lustre in addition to making it light and fluffy. Teroxol encourages the growth of hair."



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